

LOVES GARLAND:

OR,

Poſies for Rings, Hand-ker-
chers, & Gloves: And ſuch pretty To-
kens that Lovers ſend their Loves.



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Wreath Garland

24











Loves Garland.

1

The posie of a Hankercher from a young
man to his Love.

Love is a chain,
whose linkes of gold,
Two hearts within
one bosom hold.

2

Another singifying the mutual love that
should be between man and wife.

In love this good
doth still remain :
Though both do gibe,
yet both doth gain.

3

Another from a doubtfull Lover.
My Cupids bow, my weal or wee.

4

A posie sent with a pair of Gloves,

A₃

thw-

Loves Garland.

shewing what a young man should
most respect in his choice.

I lobe thy Beauty,
Wertue most,
For wertue's found
when beaurtie's lost.

5

A posie of a Ring from a crost
Lover.

No hap so hard,
As lobe dehard.

6

Another.

A happy brest,
Where lobe doth rest.

7

All perfect lobe,
Is from above.
The sight of this
Deserbes a kisse.

8

A young man to his Love wrought in a
Scarff,

A constant heart
within a womans brest
As Ophire gold
within an Iboze Chest.

Her

Loves Garland.

9

Her kind answer.

Of such a treasure then
art thou posselt,
For thou hast such a heart
in such a best.

10

The posie of a Ring.

To me till death,
As dear as breath.

11

Another.

In thee a flame,
In me the same.

12

Where once I choose,
I ne're refuse

13

Another.

No crosse so strange,
My love to change,

14

The posie of a Hankercher from a young
man to his Love.

Pray take me kindly Mistress,
Kisse me too!

A 4

W 2

Loves Garland.

My Master sweares
hele do as much for you.

15

A passionate Lovers posic.
Till that from thee,
I hope to gain :
All sweet is sowre,
all pleasure pain.

16

Another of the same cut.
Thy lobe my light,
Disdain my night.

17

Another.

Tell my Mistresse
that a Lober :
True as Lobe it selfe,
doth lobe her.

18

Another where the Lover doth protest
and request.

Hand, heart and all I have, is thine :
Hand, heart, and all thou hast, be mine.

19

Another.

As you finde me, minde me.

The

Loves Garland

20

The posie of a young man to his Love,
shewing the simplicity and truth
of Love.

Two hands, two feet,
Two eares, two eyes;
One tongue, one heart,
And here true love lies.

21

Another from a Lover, far from his
Love.

I bough from mine eye,
pet from my heart,
No distance ere
can make thee part.

22

Another of the same mark.
I bough absence be annoy,
To me 'tis a double joy.

23

A posie in a Ring.
Be true to me, as I to thee.

24

Another.
God above increase our love.

Another.

All thine, is mine.

Another.

Loves Garland.

26

Another.

Nere joy the heart,
That seeks to part.

27

Another sent with a pair of Bracelets.
Fair as Venus, as Diana
Chast and pure is my Susana.

28

The posie of a young man to his Love,
shewing her what a woman should
be. Tell him that
If woman should to man be too,
She should not be what God did
make her,
That was to be a helper, so
God then did give,
man now doth take her.

29

The posie of a Maid cast off, expressing
how light she takes it.
Tell him that had my heart in chace,
And now at other games doth splay,
Green sicknesse nere shall spoil my face
Nor puling heigh-boes wet mine eye.
The

Loves Garland.

30

The posie of a Ring.

I do reioyce in thee my choice.

31

A posie of a scornfull Lover.

Since thy hot lobe so quickly's done,

Do thou but goe, He stribe to run.

32

A posie shewing man and wife to be one

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,

From one made two, is two made one.

33

Polies for Rings.

As true to thee,

As death to me.

34

Another.

If you deny, I wish to die.

35

Another.

In trust, be just.

36

Another.

I live, if I: if no, I die.

37

Another.

No bitter smart, can change my heart.

Another.

Loves Garland.

38

Another.

Rather die, then faith deny.

39

Another.

Not lust, but love : as time shall prove.

40

Another.

To love as I do thee ;
Is to love none but me.

41

A posie sent by a young man to his Love
in a Hankercher, in which was
wrought the fashion of a
heart with wings.

Of all bad things, a heart with wings
is still the worst.
And he that meets, with one so fleet,
of all's accurst.

42

The Maidens reply in a Handkercher, in
which was the shape of an heart, with
an arrow through it.

A flying heart a piercing dart,
doth well deserbe :
So be it with me, if I from thee
shall ever sever,

How

Loves Garland

43

Thou mine, I thine.

44

Another.

Be true to me, as I to thee.

45

A young maid to her love in a Scarfe.
She that of all doth love the dearest,
Doth send thee this, which as thou wea-
And oft do's look on, think on me, (rest
As I by thine do think on thee.

46

From a young man to his love, vvrought
in a silk girdle.

Till death behide, what ere betide.

47

Another.

The worlds a Lottery, my prize
A love that's fair, as chaste, as wise.

48

A young man to his love describing the
povver and ever-flourishing virtue
of Love.

Love till doomes-day in his prime,

Like A pollo rob'd in gold :

Though it have been as long as time,

Yet still is young though time be old.

Another.

Loves Garland.

49

Another.

My promise past,
Shall eber last.

50

From a young man to his Love, shewing
that virtue and beauty should be
together.

Thy beauty much, thy virtue such, my
heart hath fir'd.

The first alone, is worse then none, but
both admir'd.

51

The posie of a pitifull Lover writ in a
Riban Carnation three penny broad,
and wound about a fair branch
of Rosemary, upon which
he wittily playes thus.

Rosemary Rose, I send to thee,
In hope that thou wilt marry me,
Nothing can be sweeter Rose,
More sweeter unto Harry,
Then marry Rose,
Sweeter than this Rose mary.

52

The sweet reply in a conceit of the same
cut, sent by Rose with a Viall of
Rose-water of her making.

The

Loves Garland.

Thy sweet commands again,
my sweetest Harry,
And sweet Rose water
for thy sweet Rosemary,
By which sweet Hall
sweet Rose doth let thee see,
Thy lobes as sweet to her,
as hers to thee.

53

A wanton lovers wish sent in a Hanker-
cher with a Cupid wrought in
the middle.

To me by far more fair
is my fair Anne,
Then sweet cheeked Leda,
with her silver Swan.
That I nere saw,
but have the picture seen,
And wisht my self between
thine armes sweet Pan.

54

For a Ring.

Desire like fire, doth still aspire.

55

Aposie sent with a pair of Bracelets.
Mine eye did see, my heart, did chuse,
True love doth bind, till death doth loose.
Another.

Loves Garland

56

Another sent vvith a silk girdle.
Accept of this, my heart withall:
My lobe is great, though this be small.

57

Another sent vvith a rich pair of gloves.
This for a certain truth,
true lobe appozes:
The heart's not where it lyes,
but where it lobes.

58

For Rings,
Hearts content, can nere repent.

59

Another.
My heart and I, untill I die.

60

Not two, but one, till life be gone.

61

A Lovers conceit upon a Bracelet, and
Partlet, sent vvith a pair of
Amber Bracelets.

Bracelets He gibe, embrace lets eber:
Let Partlets go, for part lets neber.

62

Lobe eber or lobe neber.

A

Loves Garland.

63

A Posie written by one Simon Mattocke
Sexton of great Wambleton, in the be-
halfe of a youth of his Parish, to the fai-
rest Milk-maid in the next, sent to her
pinn'd to the Orange tawny top of a
very fair pair of Gloves, of
six pence.

My lobe is set to lobe thee Will,
Then Nanne remember thou thy Will :
That William, good will to thee,
A long babe borne, bear thou with mee.

64

Her answer in a fair Romish letter, lapt
up handsomely, and bound about
with a cruell long Cod-
peece point.

I hope my Willy makes no doubt,
I take in others, keep him out :
No, for thy sake I looke, my Wilkin,
Pale, as the payle I use to milk in.

65

A Posie sent by a young man to his Love;
with a Looking glasse.
Be true as fair, then past compare.

66

For a Ring.

15.

11

Loves Garland.

A woman kind, all joy of mind.

As I to thee, so wish to me.

A drooping Lovers conceit, playing up-
on the word.

Hard and Heart, in sound are near,
And both within thy breast I fear.

Her coy and nipping reply, in his own
invention.

The sound's as near in Brate & Brasse,
In Hoarse and Horse, in Ace and Ass.

The Posie of a young man sent with a
Scarte.

For one and love, some say are blind,
I say they see, if thou probe kind.

The Posie of a Handkercher.

Lobe and waine in this degree,
The elder better still they be
So our long suit then shall be true :
Chang not thy old Love for a new.

A Posie sent by a young Maiden to her
Love, pleited in a bracelet of her
own hair.

when

Loves Garland.

When this about thine arm doth rest,
Remember her that loves thee best.

73

Another from a young man to his
Love protesting constancy.
To thee as constant
as the sun to day:
I'll from this light
I must be forc'd away.

74

A Poëie sent with a silk Girdle.
Venus naked in her Chamber,
Wounds more deep
then Mars in armour.

75

The Maids Answer.
If such a wound you fear,
Take heed you come not there.

76

A drooping Lovers poëie, sent
with a pair of Gloves.
'Tween hope and sad despair I sail,
Thy help I crave,
My grief the sea,
Thy breath the sail,
May sink or save,

77

Another of the same kinde.

B 2

Hope

Loves Garland.

Hope and despair attend me still:
Hope strives to save, despair to kill.

78

Lust loves to range,
Love knows no change.

79

Thine mine, mine thine.

80

Both must be one, or one be none.

81

Love eber, or love never.

82

A neglected Lover to his Mistress.

Is true as old, but love, soon cold.

83

Another expressing the power of love.

Who is't withstands,

When love commands.

84

Short Poies for Rings in prose.

The Ladstone of love, is love.

85

Be true to the end.

86

I live in hope.

87

I like my choyce.

Lov & Garland.

88

No change in virtues choice.

89

Keep mee in minde.

90

Desire hath no rest.

91

I present thee absent.

92

Not the gift but the giver.

93

We firm in faith.

94

This and my self.

95

I choose thee not to change.

96

Advised choyce admits no change.

97

Accept my good will.

98

I love no lack.

99

The heart loves where it loves.

100

Not me, nor mine, but ours.

101

Thy, my wish.

102

Lobe

Loves Land.

102

Lobe is the bond of Peace.

103

No life to lobe.

104

Remember this, and gibe a kisse.

105

Thy lobe I crave, mine thou shalt have.

Good Councell.

If pooz thou art, yet patient hide,

For after ebbe may come a tide;

Yet at full sea keep water close,

That afterward thou want no moze.

On the World.

The World's a City.

furnisht with spacious streets,

And Death's the market place,

whereat all Creatures meet to sell.

When God made all, he made all good,

So Woman was, if she had good;

Though Woman was the can,

Yet Jesus blood made amends.

On

L. Garland.

On good woman.

A wise man pooze, is like a sacred
book that's neber read :

To himself he liues, though to the
world seems dead :

Pet this age counts moze of a golden
foole.

Than of a thread baze Saint,
nurst up in wildomes Schoole.



FINIS.